News from So---Ho,---

CONCERNING THE

D. of *Monmouth*, L. *Grey*, and the E. of

SHAFTSBURY:

And of the ſtrange manner of finding a Dead Corps of a Man-kind in a Cellar, in the Pariſh of

St. Martins in the Fields,

ON *Tueſday* the 18*th*. of *September*, a Gentlewoman of *So---ho*,--- who had ſome days ago let a Cellar to a Neighbour, on pretence of being a Merchant, to put his Merchandice in; whether out of a Deſign to get Mony by peeping (as ſhe might imagine) into a parcel of Prohibited Wares, and ſet up for a Privateer Seizer; or whether the Ghoſt of the Deceaſed had appeared to her, as the Lord *Ruſſel*'s did to the Conſtable in the next Pariſh or the coldneſs of the Seaſon; or what other cauſe ſhe had for her miſtruſt, is uncertain. And it is as certain the good Woman alledges ſhe could not ſleep in her bed, and an unuſual Fancy poſſeſſes her, that ſhe muſt and would ſee what was in a certain Cheſt our *Merchant* had newly ſtowed in his Cellar, for which purpoſe, a Conſtable is immediately ſent for to break open the ſaid Cheſt. Which being no ſooner done, inſtead of *Point de Venice*, *Lonarin*, or *French Toys*, our *Searchers* find a Dead Corps in a Tinn Coffin, Glazed at each end, ſo as the Body was plainly diſcerned: and the Coffin, beſides the Body, was filled with ſome Liquid Matter as clear as Chriſtal. This unexpected Appearance ſtruck ſuch an amazing Conſternation on the curious *Inquiſitors*, that they were ſtruck as Dumb, as the *Braſs Silver-Smith* was, at the ſight of Sir *Edmond-Bury-Godfrey*'s Ghoſt, in *Somerſet-Houſe* Chappel, on the *Dark Sunday*, and were conſtrained to think of ſome New Counſels: For *Self-preſervation* was now on the Stage of the *Project*, and our *Nick-Nacks* as clearly vaniſhed. Mrs. *Buſſy*, and Mr. *Conſtable*, having deliberated the whole Matter, it was reſolved a *Coroner* ſhould be ſent for, and according to the Duty of his Office, he came and viewed the Corps, and Impannel'd a *Jury* to inquire, *&c.* and one or two, that were ſome way or other concern'd in taking the Cellar, or laying the Cheſt there, were ſecured, and abundance of people came crowding as *Spectators*, to view the Corps. Mr. *Coroner* and the *Jury* being retired to a convenient Houſe to take the Inquiſition, mean while the Throng grew great in a little ſpace of time and the *Opinions* were almoſt as numerous as the *Spectators*. Amongſt which, a ſeeming very Grave Perſon by his Cloaths, being of a Blackiſh Colour, and the Facings of his Sleeves and Cape, of Black Plush, very deliberate in his way of ſpeaking, Addreſſes himſelf to the Multitude, in theſe very words. *Gentlemen, I have ſeen many* Plots *abroad, I ſay*, Popiſh Plots, *which you are all very ſenſible of, and this to me, is a* Popiſh Plot; *which has coſt them no ſmall pains nor charges to bring to paſs; as you may ſee Gentlemen, the Dead Body, the Tinn Coffin, made after ſome* Popiſh Model, *ſuperſtitiouſly Glazed at each end, which has coſt Mony Gentlemen; and a Cellar taken to put it into, will coſt Mony Gentlemen;*

and by the scent of the Liquid that is put up with the Corps, it should be Popish Spirit of Wine, *Gentlemen, to preserve that poor Carcass as an everlasting Monument to satiate the wicked and over curious Opticks of their* Babylonish Cruelty. *(it being the quality of Spirit of Wine, to preserve any Dead Corps always in the same manner it was, when first put into it.)*

Another such a sort of an *Animal* says, Truly, he was of the discreet, sober, and grave Gentleman's Opinion; That it was the bottom of a Horrid, and most Damnable, Devillish, Accurled, Contounded *Popish Plot*, upon the True Protestants: And in my Judgment, says he, it can be no Body, but the Corps of the D. of *M*——. The *Papists* have seeked all manner of ways, to destroy the *True Protestant Duke*. I have been told within this fortnight, That *Mrs. Cellier*, the *Popish Mid-wife*, had stifled His Grace in her *Meal-Tub*, if one *Dangerfield*, a *True Protestant Captain*, had not come in by chance, hearing a Cry of *Murther*: and now I see what it's come to, they would never leave him. By your leave, Sir, says a Third, I have lived near my Lord *Grey* many years; indeed, I cannot say he is a Duke, but he is as much a *True Protestant*, as any of them, in the Kings Dominions: and I may rather believe the Corps to be his Lordships; for I have been told within this nine days, his Lordship is missing, and that diligent search has been made in many places, for him, and that he could not be heard of in City, Town, or Country: and that the *Popish Currs* had either Murthered him, or worse; and that the bulk of the Corps did much resemble his Lordships Proportion. A Fourth puts in, and says, Gentlemen, I hope we are all for *Liberty of Conscience*, and that I may have freedom of Speech, and be allowed the favour of Speaking in my own way and method, and I will speak what I may think of this piece of *Popery*. Gentlemen, I have had the fortune to Travel divers *Popish Countreys*, and have observed many of their Devillish Devices; There are many ways of Murthering of *Protestants*, the *Papists* do not Murther *Protestants* all one way. Sometimes they may do it with Consecrated Guns, Daggers, Pistols, Black Bills, *&c.* Sometimes with Cravats, Mustard-Balls, Tormentills, or Blunderbusses. But with humble submission to your discreeter Judgments, I think it may be the Corps of the *Noble Peer*, my endeared Friend, whom I most humbly conceive, you all might have known, Gentlemen, the *True Protestant* Earl of *Shaftsbury*. I have had the Honour almost these five years past (till the time of his being forced out of his Native Country, by *Papists*) of a more than ordinary Converse with his Lordship, and his Lordship has not been niggardly I'll assure you Gentlemen, in laying himself, my, his Life, Estate, Honour, and all that could be dear to a Mortal, at the Feet of the *True Protestant Cause*; and how much he has been Clamored at by the *Papists*, and whole that are *Popishly* affected: There is no Man here, but has seen enough to make a true Judgment of? Not, but that there are many at this time of day, do believe he was a Right *Noble Peer*, as well as a *Loyal Statesman*. In Truth, Gentlemen, and that I won'd not lay, were it not so, the *Papists* and their *Adherents*, have not let the Good Lord sleep a Quarter of a day in his Grave, since he departed this frail Life. One Calls him *Politick Fox*, another *Will with a Whisp*; some *Old Rumper*, others *Traytor*, and wishes his Head on the Top of *Westminster Hall*; as if his Lordship was fit for no other, than the Company of *Jack Dawes*, or *Meg Prees*. Nay, some are so cruelly inclin'd towards the Memory of the *True Protestant Peer*, that they would have a Quarter of him exposed in every City, and Market-Town, in *England*; And the Lord knows, he was but a very little Man, an Inch of his flesh would hardly supply the *Project*. Nay, I heard a wicked *Tory* say, not many days ago, That he would have him pyked into the Hole with *Noll Bradshaw*, and *Ireton*, at *Tyburn*. All truly, Gentlemen, the thoughts of these things that I have related, perswades me to believe this very Corps to be the *Noble Lords*, whom the *Papists* have stolen from his Tomb, and layed out all this cost for some such *Popish Practices*, as I have told you. For they spare no costs, you know Gentlemen, to carry on Plots to Murther *True Protestants*. Which being said, a Universal Groan was heard throughout the Croud, far exceeding that of the *Groaning Board*. And the sound was no sooner was no heard, but one cryed out, It is the Lord *Shaftsbury*! another the Lord *Shaftsbury*! Ah, the Good Lord *Shaftsbury*! You may see what these *Papists* will do with us all, when we are Dead. Burying in Woollen, says another, is a Fly-blow to this: after all,

Mr. *Coroner* having examined several Evidences of the Fact, to whom it seems at present to appear, That the *Corps* was a person deceased about 7, or 8 days ago; his *Brother*, with whom he dwelt, being a *Chyrurgion*, had Enclosed it, in the manner as you have heard, to satisfie his own *Curiosity*; and the Body is removed to a Shead, in *St. Martins* New Church-Yard, where it lyes at present, in Order to it's Interment.

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